

The Critic and Good Literature

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An English Trait.

THE SEA-WALL which nature has put around the British Islands is reflected in the disposition of every individual Britisher to put a high wall or impenetrable barrier of some sort about his own domain, especially in the country. He is jealous of the public, and snubs it and crowds it whenever and wherever he can. To bar and shut out the gaze of outsiders is as natural to an Englishman as the opposite trait, or the desire to be seen and admired of all men, is to an American. How laughable and even silly seems to us the hue and cry that was raised in England by the attempt to pierce their sea-wall by the Channel Tunnel. It was really not their feeling of security that was threatened, but their pride of exclusiveness,—their delight in insularity. The Englishman has little curiosity, and seems very suspicious of the curiosity of other people. When you meet a cultivated Londoner, one who takes no liberties with his h's, you will probably feel before long that you would like to brain him, if your walking-stick were only heavier, his supercilious indifference and cockney conceit are so excessively irritating. The Scotch are much more hearty, and have a more rational curiosity and friendliness.

About the first disgust the otherwise delighted American is pretty sure to feel on his arrival in Britain is when he finds himself snubbed along the highway by these high walls and high hedges. He wants to give his eyes free range into the fields, the woods, the inclosures of the fine house; but the bars are always up, and up just beyond the scaling point. The walls are of dressed stone laid in mortar, and capped with smooth tiles; and they define the highway to you and shut you in it with an emphasis that is insolent and irritating. One wishes for a sledge-hammer to smash their sharp crests, or batter a hole in their haughty sides. The more your view is shut out, the more you want to see in. What has the proprietor got behind there that he is ashamed of, or so choice of that he should be at such pains to exclude a harmless pedestrian's eyes? Generally the wall or hedge is just at that height that you are constantly tempted to stretch yourself a little to see over, and thus you go along craning your neck, or jumping up a little now and then, but without avail. The open picket fence I think is as unknown in England as is the rail-fence. When a fence of wood is built next the highway, it is usually of oak staves six feet long; the staves are lapped a little so that there is never a crack through which you can catch a glimpse. When I went to (or stopped to get a peep at) Bothwell Castle, I was just five minutes too late to get in at the gate, and I walked a mile or more along the highway beside a wall that lured me on with the promise of a view over the crest into the grounds at the next rise; but I never got it, and when I tried to find a joint between the stones in which to insert my toe, I found the masonry provokingly perfect. One often sees cottages and villas at the watering-places

surrounded by a wall that suggests the inclosure of a jail or an asylum for lunatics. This feature is more annoying to the walker in Scotland than in England, because in England one can nearly always flank the proud fences by a stile or a wicket,—he can carry the landscape at the point of a footpath; but in Scotland I saw no footpaths, which was a surprise in view of the greater freedom and hospitality of the people.

One of the most offensive and uncalled-for walls I saw was that along the Kew Gardens. In going from Kew to Richmond the highway skirts these gardens for upward of two miles. On one hand is a row of beautiful private residences, on the other an ugly brick wall twenty feet high. One would think they had a menagerie of flying hyenas in there, whereas it is only a beautiful park open to the public every day in the week. But to prevent the travellers and dwellers along the road from getting any benefit of it, they have within a few years added five feet to the wall. These things are typical of the character and institutions of the people, and are perhaps to be set down as much to their sense of law and order as to the feeling of exclusiveness of which I have spoken. You know where to go, and where not to go, in Britain. The law is rigid, well defined and well executed, and private rights are jealously guarded,—even to the expenditure of a little superfluous masonry, as it seems to an American. Shall we say, on the other hand, that our straggling, uncertain fences and highway boundaries, so easily ignored and so indifferently kept up, are typical of our laws and institutions, and suggestive of the way everybody and everything trespasses on every man's private domain? We should probably have to admit it.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

"Cash Down," or a Percentage?

WE PRESENTED last week the views of a number of eminent American writers on the question, Should authors be paid 'cash down' or a percentage on the sale of their books? This week we publish a few more letters from authors, as well as the opinions of several publishers.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

I have not much wisdom to impart as to the business arrangements which authors should make with their publishers. My experience has all been one way,—that of being paid by a percentage on the sale of books,—and my judgment tells me that it is the best way. Indeed, in most cases it is the only way: for how is a publisher to estimate the value of a manuscript offered to him by a writer who is wholly unknown? Nothing is more uncertain than the success of first experiments in literature, so that a publisher, however well disposed, cannot, in justice to himself, offer much on a mere venture. 'Cash down' sounds well, but most young writers find that 'cash down' means very little cash. Of course, it is different with authors of established reputation, for they can dictate their own terms, and command very high prices, and yet in many cases even they would get, not only a more regular income, but one larger in amount, if they retained the copyrights of their books. HENRY M. FIELD.

The Evangelist, NEW YORK, Feb. 6, 1884.

The following are, in short, my reasons for insisting that publishers should pay authors cash for the MSS. of their books:

1. The sale of any commodity ought to be outright, in order that the owner may be known, and in order that he may fully control his property. Conditional sales,—that is, sales with reservations of interest by the seller,—ought not to be favored.
2. It is usually the case that an author needs the money for one book, cash in hand, with which to meet his expenses while writing his next one, just as any other laborer needs the proceeds of work done, with which to support himself and family until his further earnings come to hand.
3. The publisher who buys a MS. outright, will struggle very hard to realize his outlay by early sales, and he will know that he is working exclusively for himself in so doing. He will also feel more sure of holding authors to him; for it is an open secret that authors and publishers frequently quarrel over what appear to the authors very meagre semi-annual statements of sales.
4. An author's work is, as a rule, a great strain upon his

nerve-forces, and he should avoid the additional draught which uncertainty as to the amount of his remuneration inflicts.

5. If publishers would refuse to publish books upon the percentage plan, it would lessen the number of mediocre books, for it is not probable that publishers would buy and pay for MSS., and afterward take all the risks of publication, save upon most careful investigation.

6. It is not in conformity with good business principles for one man to put his business entirely in the hands and conscience of another man. There is no first-class publisher in the world who would think of putting his financial matters exclusively and hermetically into the hands of an author whom, perhaps, he had never seen, no matter what the author's reputation for honesty might be. If asked to do so, he would, on business principles, decline.

7. If the cash system were adopted by book-publishers, as it has been by all the best magazine publishers, MSS. would soon have a pretty well-defined market value, to be made up from the author's popularity, the intrinsic merits of the work, and its adaptability to the tastes or the needs of the public.

8. An author's books are sometimes, under the conditional plan, lost to him, by the financial failure of the publisher, or caught in the limbo of a court, to be held indefinitely at great sacrifice.

9. There is but one argument in favor of the percentage arrangement, and it is based upon the gambling element of chance,—namely, that mayhap the book may 'take a run.' This 'playing for the chances' ought to be avoided in every business. The legitimate and reasonable probabilities should be the basis of all mercantile transactions, including the buying and selling of MSS. over the counters of publishers. A publisher ought to be ashamed to refuse to buy a MS. outright and yet be willing to publish it, entirely at his own risk, with a promise to the author to pay him ten per cent of the retail price of all books sold. So, on the other hand, an author ought to be ashamed to refuse to set a price on his MS. for fear of missing a 'streak of luck.' There is no other poison like the gambling poison; there is nothing so wholesome and sweet as certainty. But if there must be conditions exacted on the part of the publisher, and reservations of limited ownership held by the author, then there should be a reasonable sale guaranteed by the publisher, in consideration of his having complete control of the business.

I give it as my opinion, that if any one of the first-class publishing firms of New York or Boston will advertise that, hereafter, all MSS. accepted by them will be paid for in cash, they will at once attract the profound attention of a large majority of the very best American authors, and especially those who may be termed professional authors. If one firm should take this step, others would be compelled to follow the example, or lose their clients. The very fact that American publishers refuse to buy MSS. would appear to be good evidence that the author in this country is not getting a fair compensation, and that the publisher desires to stick to a rule favorable to himself. In England, a country of well-settled commercial rules, publishers do buy MSS., pay well for them in cash, and make money, too.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., 4 Feb., 1884.

Your inquiry as to cash or percentage payments to authors suggests two or three points. In the case of a book which sells very largely, a percentage is undoubtedly the most profitable to the author. But most authors, especially at the beginning of their careers, after spending much time and money in writing a book, feel the need of an immediate return upon their investment; and as it is generally difficult to predict the sale, it is wise in certain cases to accept a sum in cash. That the system of selling outright for cash may be very satisfactory to writers of established reputation is shown by the large prices which Anthony Trollope received. But new and untried writers need this encouragement much more than those whose position is assured. In this country it is not given them, by either system. Under the percentage plan, they must wait for half a year, and often ten months, for any payment upon their published work. If they agree to accept a lump sum, our publishers never offer them more than would result from percentages on a very moderate sale. This is partly owing to the wretched state of affairs caused by the absence of international copyright, which inclines publishers to a less liberal policy than they might otherwise find it for their interest, and that of literature, to pursue.

The fairest plan, and therefore the best, would be to pay the author an amount down—be it \$200, \$500, or \$5000—based on the probable sale; a contract being likewise signed which

should stipulate that if that sale should be exceeded, the author should thereafter receive royalty for the whole remaining term of his copyright. Even Dickens, though sure of an enormous audience, found this mode the best. It saves the author from possible great injustice or harassing delay, and need involve but little risk for the publisher.

The reason there is so much complaint about the percentage system is that publishing is the only business, except the 'blind pool' business of Wall Street, in which one partner puts in his capital of time, labor and money (represented by a written book) and never knows anything more about the affair, excepting what the other partner tells him. By the system I propose, he at least has a present reward and a possible future gain; and no one is injured.

Dissatisfaction will always continue, unless these matters are arranged on a fairer, more open basis. The Company of Authors just organized in England proposes to labor amicably for such a basis; and there ought to be a similar society here.

NEW YORK, February 12.

G. P. LATHROP.

Your question,—'Which is the better plan for authors—to be paid cash down or to receive a percentage on the sale of their books?'—seems to us largely a question that must be specially settled for each particular case.

In its general aspect, however, it is obvious that if the author's return is, by any process, made more dependent on the success of his book, than it is by another process, the first of the two will be the more apt to make him do his best. Other things even, then, a royalty is more apt to evoke good work than cash down.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6, 1884.

HENRY HOLT & CO.

To prove the advantage to a composer of the percentage system over the 'cash down,' we give some figures from our own business. Take our leading pianoforte instruction-book, for instance—Richardson's. We could have bought it outright in 1860 for a comparatively small sum, but paid \$500 in cash, and promised twenty-five cents a copy on all sold. The result is that we have paid the author and his widow between \$80,000 and \$90,000 on this one book alone. For lots of church books and juvenile school music we have paid royalties on from 50,000 to 200,000 copies each to their respective authors. As to music, look at the little 'Racquet Galop' on which we have paid Miss Simmons about \$4000. And we have a score of authors to whom we pay an average of \$200 per annum and have done the same in many cases for twenty years. A popular song will net the author easily \$3000, and we are told the publishers of 'Pansy Blossom' and 'Sweet Violets' (two 'songs of the day') paid the fortunate author \$5000 for last year's sales alone. We have paid L. O. Emerson \$32,000 royalties on four collections of psalmody and \$3000 each on two school song-books; to W. O. Perkins \$6000 on two school song-books; to W. H. Clarke \$10,000 on his 'New Method for Reed Organs'; a similar amount to the author of Root's 'Cabinet Organ Method'; \$10,000 to the estate of Dr. Lowell Mason on account of 'The American Tune Book'; \$6500 to the widow of A. Werner on account of a collection of Catholic Church music; \$4000 royalty to G. D. Wilson for 'The Shepherd Boy' (music); and \$2000 to J. N. Pattison for 'Sunrise Mazurka.' We are offered two or three MSS. daily. Suppose we paid \$100 a piece on a venture, don't you think a 'red flag' would be out in about six months? The author has no expenses and no care and worry, and if the piece 'takes,' has his clean ten per cent, which is quite as much as the publisher nets.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb., 1884.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.

The subject 'Author and Publisher' is too important and complex to give an answer off-hand,—so very much depends upon circumstances. However, as a rule we prefer to pay the cash down.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 7, 1884.

PORTER & COATES.

In reply to your request for opinions on the question of 'Which is the better plan for authors—to be paid cash down, or to receive a percentage?' we would say that we think it impossible to lay down a rule about the matter. It seems to us that each case must be settled entirely upon its own merits.

It is, of course, absolutely necessary in all compilations and encyclopædic work that the publisher should pay an outright sum for the literary work. It also seems necessary to the publisher in the case of a large class of juvenile books, which are largely sold by the especial effort and expense of advertising, which the publisher invests in them in addition to the cost of the

original plant. It is perfectly natural that the publisher should look at the subject, in the cases mentioned, from his own standpoint, and the necessities of his business.

In most of other literary ventures, we consider it desirable both for the publisher and author, that the author should retain an interest in his publication, and be paid a royalty upon the sales of it.

And while on this subject, allow us to call your attention to the fact that there is on the part of many authors, and indeed some writers upon the subject, a gross misapprehension of facts with regard to the proportion of the net profits which the author receives,—a notable instance of which appeared in *The Nation* not long since. It is customary to pay an author a royalty of ten per centum upon the retail price of the book, and as a large proportion of the books are sold at a discount of from forty to fifty per centum from the retail price, the author receives from sixteen and two thirds to twenty per centum upon the gross receipts of the publisher, and in most cases, we venture to say, a larger actual net profit than the publisher himself receives upon a particular work. This would not, of course, be the case were the discount a limited one, such as it was in times past.

If the discount were but twenty, or at the most twenty-five per centum, and the retail price reduced correspondingly, the author would receive a much smaller proportion of the actual net profits, so that as a matter of fact, the inflation of retail prices,—which are largely fictitious, as scarcely any one pretends to buy books at the full retail price,—operates wholly to the benefit of the author by increasing his percentage of the actual net profits. And still he is not happy.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 7, 1884.

ESTES & LAURIAT.

Mr. Aldrich's letter in your issue of Feb. 9 is very amusing. The delicacy of his humor is proverbial. We should like no better sport than to be an author and 'slide' to the tune of a 'twenty percent' scale. But a long experience as a publisher of books has satisfied us that ten percent to the author means a fair division of the profits on a successful book, while it means an actual loss to the publisher on an unsuccessful book. We speak of a well-made book, such only as would suit Mr. Aldrich's fastidious taste, properly placed before the public. Its cost should include the making and a percentage of all business expenses.

A twenty percent 'slide' gives all the fun to the author; omit us from such a Carnival if you please! There were two boys, one of them, a 'Bad Boy,' munched a big apple with Millennial happiness. The other meekly devoured it, with longing eyes—'O now, Tom, give us the core, won't you?'

We are happy to think we are Mr. Aldrich's friend and not his PUBLISHER.

Reviews

Prof. Genung on "In Memoriam."

TENNYSON has not been fortunate in his latest commentator. Prof. Genung labors under a mild form of monomania in regard to the purpose and construction of that most spontaneous of poems, 'In Memoriam,' and this little monograph is devoted to the exploitation of his fad. As to the purpose of 'In Memoriam,' he says: 'From the first the poem sets itself deliberately to accomplish an end, the attainment of which shall satisfy a personal need of the author's mind.' This end, it appears, is to demonstrate the immortality of the soul and the existence of God. A phrase of the poet's,—

'Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good,'—

has proved a great *crux* to Prof. Genung, but ultimately the fixed idea drags it in chains of conquest. Says the Professor: 'What "closing cycle" can here be meant? I see no satisfactory explanation possible other than that it means a cycle traversed by the course of the poem. . . . The poem, then, is constructed according to cycles, in which it would seem that certain seasons and occasions mark the boundaries.' *Gisum teneatis!* It needs no *Oedipus* to read the riddle which has perplexed the Professor's wits. The 'closing cycle' is of course the 'golden year,' the 'younger day,' the

'One far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves,'

of which Tennyson's earlier songs are eloquent. But upon this frail fancy Prof. Genung has erected a complete theory of the

construction of the poem. There are three cycles in 'In Memoriam,' it seems,—the Cycle of the Past, that of the Present, and that of the Future,—and he undertakes to define the limits of each, both as to the period of its duration and the poems it produced. These cycles run away with the Professor, in short, and he is carried so far as to furnish a full tabular analysis of the poem's moods and tenses, compiled solely from internal evidence.

Now it is obvious that 'In Memoriam' is a genuine record of the phases of the poet's grief, and that a serener atmosphere surrounds its close than its commencement. The poet expressly recognizes the moral growth which he has undergone since the earlier stages of his bereavement; but we fail to find the slightest evidence that the poem was deliberately planned as a psychological autobiography for the edification of the race. Tennyson's own words, indeed,

'I do but sing but as I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing,'

sufficiently refute the assumption. Of course the poet has arranged his heap of violets with an artistic hand, but the flowers are all self-sown. As to the cycle-theory of Prof. Genung, it seems like slaying the slain to attack it. But how, we may ask, could the poet foresee and announce that the 'closing cycle' of his experience of bereavement would be 'rich in good'? We may appeal from Tennyson's critic to Tennyson himself, who says:

'But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?'

Professor Genung naturally compares 'In Memoriam' with 'Lycidas,' 'Adonais,' and Shakspeare's Sonnets, and his literary comments are sound if not suggestive. His conjecture that the reference to Shakspeare in the lines

'I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakspeare love thee more,'

indicates the resemblance between Tennyson's love for Hallam and Shakspeare's for his unknown friend seems to hit the mark. But what conceivable purpose is served by the introduction of the bald summaries which conclude the volume? The readers of a critical study of Tennyson may be presumed to have outgrown the go-cart and apron-string. We could wish, too, that Prof. Genung had dealt less exclusively with the religious aspect of his theme. True, he allows that 'In Memoriam' is not to be regarded as a mere didactic poem; but none the less he seeks to clap a cassock over the poet's singing-ropes, and to convert the Delphic tripod into a chair of natural theology. The highest poetry embraces and transcends religion, with a thousand other things, just as all hues are blended in the perfect rainbow; and it argues a species of color-blindness in the critic who finds but a single element in the myriad radiance of a noble poem. It is the very insolence of piety which flings a moral at the dying rose, and sees in every lake that mirrors the moon an example of the duty of self-inspection. Of all morals, 'Spare the moral' is the best.

Prof. Genung misreads the language of poem XIX. 'Grief ebbs and flows,' says he, 'like the Wye, in whose hearing the dead is laid.' But Tennyson nowhere says so, although the lines

'The salt sea water passes by
And hushes half the babbling Wye,'

would not unnaturally suggest the inference. The illustrator of a recent magazine article on Tennyson fell into the same error, and gave us, *apropos des bottles*, a view of the meeting of the two rivers. Hallam, as all the world knows, is buried in the old parish church at Clevedon, on the left or Somerset shore of the Severn, which at this point is about eight miles wide. But the mouth of the Wye is upon the opposite shore of the Severn, some fifteen miles above Clevedon; and the words 'in the hearing of the wave' must be understood only of the latter river. Clevedon is to-day a prosperous watering-place, much loved of the burghers of Bristol (the 'haven under the hill' of 'Break, break, break'); but the old church lies away from the modern town, and the sea is its only neighbor. The early home of the present writer lay at the foot of the 'goodly hills of Somerset,' the county of Arthur and Alfred, of Camelot and Glastonbury. The tower of Clevedon Old Church was to him a familiar object on the horizon, upstarting from betwixt twin-bosoms of hill like the haft of a buried dagger; and he desires to bear his testimony to the fidelity of the landscape of 'In Memoriam,'—a point upon which Prof. Genung nowhere touches.

* Tennyson's *In Memoriam: Its Purpose and its Structure. A Study.* By John F. Genung. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Poetry of Other Lands."*

THE value of translated poetry is questionable. Mr. Emerson is reported to have said of translations that if anybody was kind enough to provide you with a bridge, it was exceedingly foolish to insist on swimming across the river; yet it is certain that to the scholar familiar with originals, no translation is ever 'adequate,' while it is doubtful whether the reader ignorant of originals ever finds the translations in themselves poetic. Much, of course, depends on the translator; if you have one willing to render simplicity simply,—willing, if he is translating Homer, to let the stars 'shine,' as Homer did, without adding any metaphor about 'starry tears trembling on the mighty midnight's face,'—it is not so bad. No one would find fault with Tennyson's exquisite, because literal, rendering of the famous passage,

'As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak,
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.'

But if your translator is going to frisk through the Iliad, as Pope did, with a basketful of jingling rhymes, it is almost as well to remain entirely ignorant of Homer. To the scholar, it is simply maddening to find Homer's 'around grew poplars,' rendered,

'Around, the whispering alders darkly wave;'

or to find Bourdillon's perfect poem, 'The night has a thousand eyes,' rendered into German and re-translated into English as

'A thousand orbs the night illumine.'

To come to the matter at hand, we doubt whether 'The Poetry of Other Lands' will be of any great value to anybody. It gives translations from the Greek, Latin, Persian, Arabian, Japanese, Turkish, Servian, Russian, Bohemian, Polish, Dutch, German, Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese; yet it does not profess to be an encyclopædia of foreign verse, but, dealing only with minor and lyrical poems, gives nothing, for instance, from Homer or Virgil, or Omar Khayam, while it *does* give a very large collection of verses that seldom seem to us poetry at all. The best are Furness's and C. T. Brooks's and Longfellow's translations from the German, with which readers are already familiar, and we are not surprised to learn that the unfamiliar ones have been found by the compiler 'in obscure corners and amid much rubbish.' As regards the Greek and Latin, we are reminded of a lady who announced emphatically: 'I shall have my daughters taught Latin; all the Latin that I know myself is *E pluribus unum*;' but even that has been the greatest consolation to me! Who that remembers the stately *monumentum aere perennius* of Horace would be willing to exchange even those three dignified words for any such rigmarole as this (p. 157)?

'I've reared a monument, my own,
More durable than brass,
Yea, kingly pyramids of stone
In height it doth surpass.

* * * * *
'I shall not wholly die. Some part,
Nor that a little, shall
Escape the dark destroyer's dart,
And his grim festival.'

We can quite imagine that the little boy who made a low salutation at the appropriate point on reciting

'Up rose Barbara Frietchie then,
And bowed—with her threescore years and ten,"

would recite the 'my own' of the above translation as if addressed to some beautiful young lady out of sight.

"A Latter-Day Saint."†

WHEN A STORY so worthless in all respects as 'A Latter-Day Saint' appears with the imprint of reputable publishers, one hesitates whether to ignore or to denounce it. One would like to dismiss it with the caution that it is not worth reading; but if we are to speak of it at all, so mild a statement will not satisfy the sense of justice; indignation gets the better of indifference, and one must cry out against the book at the risk of attracting to it a large class of those readers who will feel tempted to see what it is that is so very bad. We will, however, warn this class that

they will find in it nothing of the 'roses and raptures of vice'; nothing of the subtle intoxication of Swinburne, the fascinating passionateness of Ouida; for the book is not only 'naughty,' but poor; not only wicked, but silly; not only unjust and unjustifiable, but uninteresting; not only bad, but stupid. Its very name is a false pretence. The book has nothing whatever to do with the Latter-Day Saints, or with saints of any kind, and the miserable little moral tacked on at the close is of a piece with all the rest;—to the effect that 'all this I have been writing about was, of course, not nice at all,* and I now see my mistake. If I had not made so many eyes at other girls' men, and cared so little about other men's girls, I might have married the other fellow, you see, and been a great deal better off in the end. Wasn't it too bad that I didn't know enough what was good for me to be a little more decent?' This is practically, though not literally, the author's 'moral.' The critic who is obliged to read a novel of Zola's does not feel himself seriously contaminated. He throws the book into the fire, and feels that the broad indecency has affected him as little as water on its back affects a duck. But the reader of 'A Latter-Day Saint' feels contaminated through and through with the low, petty, mean, base views of life that it presents. You may throw the book into the fire, but you cannot shake the dust of it from your soul. You long for a brisk walk in clear, frosty air; for a glimpse of some face that you know, to remind you that human nature is not the miserable thing it is here represented.

Fortunately, although the scene is laid in America, we do not think there is any danger of the heroine being accepted as an American type. If such girls exist,—and we do not know which would most excite our wonder, an author who should confess to having drawn upon imagination for the heroine, or one who should confess to having actually known her,—they exist in Europe and Asia and Africa, as well as in America, since there are 'fast' and vulgar people in all nations. Such a girl is no more American than spiders are American. She is not merely ill-bred and unwisely educated, suffering from too much liberty and too little chaperonage; she is bad, through and thorough. She was born totally depraved, and total depravity, we believe, has never been considered as a peculiarity of the United States, even by our least friendly critics.

"The Virginia Comedians."*

PUBLISHED originally nearly thirty years ago, and now for a long time out of print, 'The Virginia Comedians' was one of those half-forgotten novels of which we are wont at times to hear high-flown praise, as of something inaccessible to the general reader and only more precious to the possessor on that account. For years one had to take this eulogy on trust and to believe that 'The Virginia Comedians' was one of the best American novels written in the indefinite period known to the jester as 'before the War.' Now, at last, thanks to this handsome reprint, we are enabled to judge for ourselves. And the decision of the court is not altogether favorable to the appellant. 'The Virginia Comedians' is a very old-fashioned novel, and it is very, very long. There are more than six hundred solid and substantial pages, from the Solitary Horseman who meets a Fair Lady in the beginning, to the Four Marriages which appropriately bring the tale to an end. And the style of writing is the 'old school.' Naturally enough, we find here no trace of the curious commingling of the opposite styles of Trollope and Tourguéneff, such as give so strange a savor to the fictions of Mr. Henry James. Here is to be seen, as plainly as possible, the influence of 'Jane Eyre' and of some of the later novels of Lord Lytton. The story is somewhat sprawling and escapes from the reader, and the disappearance of hero and heroine at the end of the first volume does not help to retain the rambling interest. Yet the picture of life in Virginia a hundred and twenty years ago is entertaining and instructive; and many of the incidents of the story itself are exciting. It is well to note that Mr. Cooke has not been kind or fair to the character of Lewis Hallam, to whom we owe the introduction of the drama into these coasts. If we may believe Dunlap, Hallam was very far from being the feeble and disreputable person Mr. Cooke presents to us.

Minor Notices.

THE BEST THING that Mr. Habberton has given us is his 'George Washington,' in the series of Lives of American Worthies. (Henry Holt & Co.) When we say that he is as amusing as Artemus Ward and as entertaining as Mark Twain, it is by no means to be assumed that his book is a mock biography. It

* The Poetry of Other Lands. Compiled by M. Clemmons Hunt. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

† A Latter-Day Saint. (American Novel Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

* The Virginia Comedians, or Old Days in the Old Dominion. By John Esten Cooke. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

is a genuine 'Life,' and when the author frankly states that his object is to 'undo what Jared Sparks did for Washington,' he does not in the least mean that he intends to lower our ideal of our first President, or to write a burlesque; he merely means that he would like to change Washington in our minds from an historical mummy to a living, breathing man. It is a curious thing that humor is found allied to some of the most endearing traits of human nature, and it has always been considered a pity that the Father of his Country had so little of it. If Mr. Habberton has not entirely succeeded in proving Washington to have been 'a jolly good fellow,' he has at least wrapped around the historical mummy so much of his own jollity as to create new interest in a hackneyed subject. To write a life of Washington that would be read would be a success; to write one that will be read with delight is indeed a triumph. It is impossible to quote from this genial, amusing rendering of events and characters so impressive, for we should have something to quote on every page, and it is hard to tell which of the quotable things are the best. Suffice it to say, that no one who takes up the book will be disappointed, whether he be man or boy, in search of facts, or seeking only to be amused.

WITH the commencement of its tenth year the most magnificent of artistic periodicals, *L'Art* (Bouton), takes a long stride toward popularity. The manner in which this is accomplished will preserve, if it does not enhance, all the best features of the publication. The fine paper and good printing, the large page, the abundance of etchings and other illustrations, and the high quality of the reading-matter are retained. The bulk, only, of the work is reduced. Instead of appearing in weekly numbers, it will in future appear fortnightly, and but two volumes instead of four will be issued in the year. This reduction allows the price to be lowered by one half, bringing it within the reach of a vastly more numerous public than it has heretofore addressed. It will not need to change its views to meet those of its new readers, for its principles have never been those of a clique or a class. We look, rather, for the improvement which ought to result from the absence of hurry, and from the power of choosing their material which the new mode of publication gives to the directors. The last quarterly volume of *L'Art*,—the thirty-fifth of the collection,—does not, however, leave much to be desired. It is full of interesting articles on well-chosen topics and is illustrated by a surprising number of good engravings in the text, as well as by many fair etchings and one or two very fine ones. The drawings of Claude Lorrain, the architectural designs of Ch. Lebrun, the works of Civitali, the Della Robbias and Fra Angelico are reviewed, and, of the moderns, Ulysse Butin, Auguste Rodin, Jules Dupre and many others are noticed either in separate essays or in Dargenty's account of the Salon. The books of the season are reviewed by Paul Leroy and others, and lighter reading is provided in Philibert Audebrand's story of 'Le Premier Bibelot' and Adolphe Jullien's 'Une Mystification à l'Opera,' neither of which is the less amusing for being historically true.

Professor Arnold Guyot.

THE NAME of Professor Guyot, who died of a lingering disease at Princeton on Friday, Feb. 8, will always be conspicuous in the annals of American science. He was a man of extraordinary ability if not of genius, an indefatigable worker, a clear thinker and vigorous writer, of most varied culture and extensive and thorough scholarship, and in personal character a model Christian gentleman. The encyclopædias give so fully the principal facts of his career that it is only necessary to note here that he was born near Neuchâtel in 1807, about four months later than Agassiz, his compatriot and lifelong friend; that he received his primary education in Neuchâtel, afterward attending the gymnasium of Stuttgart and Karlsruhe; and that he finally took his doctorate at the University of Berlin in 1835, where he fell under the influence of Ritter and acquired that taste for physical geography which shaped his life. He spent three years of his course in the study of theology, and though he ultimately gave himself to a different kind of work, he never abandoned his early faith or lost his interest in religious and missionary enterprise. After leaving Berlin he remained some years in Paris, and in 1839 became Professor of History and Physical Geography in the quasi-university at Neuchâtel, having Agassiz as one of his colleagues. At this period, in connection with Agassiz and Desor, he engaged in a most extensive and valuable investigation of Swiss geology, especially the phenomena of glaciers and their effects. It is not easy now to distinguish precisely what is due to each of the three great co-workers, but it is quite within bounds to say that Guyot

contributed his full quota of results, and laid the foundations for the glacial theories that have ever since held so important a place in geological science. In 1848, political disturbances deprived him of his chair, and he followed his friend Agassiz to this country. For some years he lived at Cambridge, occupying himself with studies of the physical geography of the Appalachian chain, and in giving courses of lectures upon his favorite subjects. It is only just to say that his influence and writings, more than those of any other man, have raised physical geography to the rank of a science, and given it an honorable place in every well-considered scheme of education.

In 1855 he became Professor of Physical Geography and Geology in the College of New Jersey at Princeton, and for nearly thirty years was the most distinguished member of its faculty. His success as a teacher and lecturer was perhaps slightly limited by his foreign accent and rather feeble voice, which made it difficult for the ordinary college boy to understand and appreciate his instruction; but he was an inspiration to all (and they were not few) who did listen to and understand him, and there never was a student who did not honor, respect and love him. He was always honest and manly; dignified, courteous and considerate; energetic and vigorous in his proper work, but modest and unobtrusive; a kind, sympathizing and generous friend; a faithful and consistent Christian. As has been said, he retained to the end his early faith, and his last work, just completed but not yet published, was a book on 'The Harmony Between the Mosaic Cosmogony and the Facts of Science.' He was a fellow or corresponding member of nearly all the great scientific organizations of Europe and this country, and was one of the original fifty named in the charter of our own National Academy of Sciences.

Two Plays that Read as One.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

A MOST remarkable example of literary idea-association is shown in two comedies lately played in the Koller Theatre, Berlin. The plays are 'Die Puppenprinzessin,' by Jacobsohn and Dirndt, and 'Goldprobe,' by Augier. Not only the leading idea, but the action also, coincides, scene after scene. In both plays we meet the same accomplished artist who, being without employment, is supported by a friend, and who becomes engaged to a young girl known also to the friend. The friend, too, loves the girl, but in secret; and seeing the way things turn, he nobly resolves not to jar the happiness of the artist by disclosing his own feelings. In both plays the second act opens in the castle of a wealthy merchant who, dying, leaves the artist his sole heir. In both plays the sudden wealth changes the artist's feelings toward both bride and friend, and these now find each other and are married. When the attention of the authors of the 'Puppenprinzessin' was called to the striking resemblance, they claimed that the similarity was a mere accident, and that they knew nothing about Augier's play until after they had been informed of the curious parallelism. We have here, then, a wonderful example of association of ideas. Or does the same novel lie, perhaps, at the foundation of both plays?

BELLEVILLE, ILL., Feb. 9, 1884.

A. M. WOLLESON.

The Lounger

A LETTER from William Black to a friend in New York is written from the Highlands, and in the best of spirits. Mr. Black says that the reports of his illness have been greatly exaggerated—that he only needed a little rest and fishing, and is getting both now in company with Mr. E. A. Abbey. Mr. Black is devoted to the gentle sport, and has rented the fishing of Loch Naver for himself and his friends. He describes in this letter, with lively pen, an accident to Mr. Abbey which might have proved very serious, but was fortunately only funny. The artist had caught a forty pound salmon on the end of his line, and as he was not prepared for such a weight, and the fish was strong, it pulled him head-long into the water. He was rescued, however, and the fish secured, and the next day sent, with his compliments, to Miss Mary Anderson, in London.

I SAW at Dodd, Mead & Co.'s, the other day, a copy of that scarce journal, *The Germ*, which was the first organ of the pre-Raphaelite movement in England. It is a queer looking little sheet, about the length and width of *Harper's Magazine* but of not more than half the thickness, and written almost entirely by the Rossettis, Holman Hunt, and Ford Maddox Brown. Each number is illustrated with an etching in the manner of the school whose peculiar line of thought and action the Brother-

hood hoped to advance. Only four numbers were published. Nos. 1 and 2 are entitled *The Germ: Thoughts towards Nature in Poetry, Literature and Art*. Nos. 3 and 4 are entitled *Art and Poetry: Being Thoughts towards Nature, Conducted Principally by Artists*. In these numbers first appeared Dante Rossetti's 'Blessed Damozel,' which differs in many particulars from the poem as it appears in his collected works. There are several poems by W. M. Rossetti also, who had not then quite made up his mind whether to be a poet or a critic. Perhaps the appearance of these verses in cold type and printer's ink led to his determination to leave rhyming to other members of his family. Christina G. Rossetti began to feel her way here, and so undecided was she as to her own merits, that she signs her poems 'Ellen Alleyn.' Some of them appear in the collections of her poems, while others have never left the pages of *The Germ*. An interesting criticism in this magazine is on Matthew Arnold's first volume, 'The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems,' written, in a somewhat top-lofty manner, by D. G. Rossetti. There are said to be but two other sets of *The Germ* in this country. The last set that was sold at auction in London fetched £8.

AN AMUSING STORY is told me in connection with the poems signed 'Ellen Alleyn' in *The Germ*. A young American read them there for the first time and was very enthusiastic over them. He could not understand why so charming a poet should be unknown, and thought that she must have died with *The Germ*, as he had never seen her name on any volume of poetry. He mused a good deal on the subject, and finally concluded that the best way to set his mind at rest would be to write to Mr. W. M. Rossetti and ask him about this graceful and mysterious poet. Mr. Rossetti's reply was prompt and polite, but it must have brought the blush of shame to the cheeks of the young American, for it proved that he was unfamiliar with the writings of his correspondent's famous sister. I have no doubt, however, that Miss Rossetti was quite willing to forgive his want of knowledge in consideration of his plentiful appreciation. I need hardly say that since this correspondence he has been an assiduous reader of Miss Rossetti's verse.

THOSE of us who enjoy fine acting are rejoicing in the return of Mme. Modjeska to New York. We could wish, though, that she had appeared in a better play than Mr. Barrymore's 'Nadjezda.' It is not that 'Nadjezda' is so bad a play; I have seen many worse ones by older hands at the business of play-writing; but it is a succession of horrors. It opens with murder and suicide, and ends with murder and suicide, and there is a realism in the portrayal of these crimes that shakes the stoutest nerves. The sins hinted at, too, are as unpleasant as those committed on the stage. And this cloud of crime has no silver lining. The American girl introduced in the third act is intended to let a little light through the gloom, but she is more depressing than the suicides and murders, for there is less excuse for her being. Mr. Barrymore had good material to work upon, and he has handled some of it with great cleverness. The character of Nadine is a curious psychological study, and Mme. Modjeska works it out with consummate art. The gloom of the play will, I fancy, prevent its ever being popular, notwithstanding the fine powers that Mme. Modjeska brings to its interpretation. I would suggest an entire rewriting of the play. The plot is strong and original, and I believe Mr. Barrymore has it in him to re-work this material into a lasting drama.

A VERY ENTERTAINING amateur performance was given at the Madison Square Theatre this week in aid of the Statue of Liberty Pedestal Fund. It was originated and carried out by that indefatigable worker in this good cause, Mrs. Burton N. Harrison. There were tableaux in which Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women' became a delightful reality, and Keats's 'Eve of St. Agnes' a living poem before our eyes. These were followed by a capital presentation of 'The Portraits of the Marquise,' adapted from the French by Mrs. Harrison. I have seldom seen a better bit of amateur acting. Good drilling with an adaptable company was very noticeable in this amusing little comedy. Mrs. Frank Worth White, as the widowed countess, was very charming.

A NEW SOCIETY is about to be organized in this city, by a number of artists and writers, which will be known as An Association for the Dissemination and Protection of Literature and Art. The immediate purpose of the organization is to advocate the adoption of an international copyright law and the removal

of the tariff on works of art. It will also (Mr. Comstock may be grieved to hear) defend the rights of pure and classic art as vigorously as it will oppose the circulation of pictures of an indecent character.

NOW THAT the payment of authors is a question under lively discussion, many people will be curious to know how Queen Victoria is paid for the journal of her life in the Highlands—whether by 'cash down,' or a percentage.

MR. G. W. CURTIS's delightful book, 'Prue and I,' has been added to Mr. Douglas's Shilling Series of American authors. These sketches were originally printed in 1857, but have never before been reprinted in England. *The Athenæum* speaks pleasantly of the book (it could not well do otherwise); but, alluding to a mistake that occurs in it, says: 'It pulls one up dreadfully in one's reverie to hear of "the Italian painter, Claude."' Which is worse,—*The Athenæum's* slang or Mr. Curtis's slip of the pen?

IF I WERE a devotee of Wagner, and had wished to make a disciple of some one prejudiced against his works, I should have taken him last Saturday evening to hear the selections from the 'Meistersinger' with which the Symphony Society concert ended. If all of Wagner's music were as melodious, as brilliant and as satisfying as the Introduction of Act III., the Prize Song, and the Vorspiel, his opponents would be in a very small minority indeed, as compared with his admirers. It was well placed at the close of the evening's performance, for nothing else on the programme would have profited by coming immediately after the rich, weird music of the Vorspiel.

"Anglo-French and Franco-English."

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

IN the always delightful book wherein are recorded the sayings and doings of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,'—a book designed to inculcate the wholesome doctrine that every man should be his own Boswell,—the spirit of the sturdy Dr. Samuel Johnson, speaking through the circulating medium of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, declares that 'to trifle with the vocabulary which is the vehicle of social intercourse is to tamper with the currency of human intelligence,' and the orotund presence adds the sentiment that in his opinion 'he who would violate the sanctities of his mother tongue would invade the recesses of the paternal till without remorse and repeat the banquet of Saturn without indigestion.' From the context we learn that the spirit of the great lexicographer was perturbed by certain trifling puns or verbal witticisms with which the breakfast-table had been amused; but his ponderous criticism has always seemed to us to be quite as applicable to the ill-advised persons, or speakers, or writers, who find the English language inadequate to the full expression of their teeming thoughts, and who are, therefore, forced to employ words and phrases from various foreign tongues. The habit of dropping into French unawares is as enfeebling as the habit of punning; and the one is quite as fairly to be considered a violation of the sanctities of the mother-tongue as the other. Either habit indicates a certain flabbiness of fibre, both moral and intellectual. It is difficult to believe either in the moral rectitude or in the mental strength of a man or a woman addicted to the quoting of odd scraps of odd French. When we take up the latest work of a young lady novelist, and find scattered through her pages *soubriquet* and *double entendre* and *à l'outrance* and *artiste*, and other choice specimens of the French which is spoken by those who do not speak French, we need read no further to know that the mantle of George Eliot and Jane Austen has not fallen on the fair authoress's shoulders. Even Mrs. Oliphant, a novelist who is old enough to know better and who has delighted us all with charming tales of truly English life, is wont to sprinkle French freely through her many volumes, not only in her novels, but even in her unnecessary Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whom she rashly credited with '*gaieté du cœur*' (sic).

Of course it cannot be denied that certain French words, and not merely those which came over with the Conqueror, have fairly won a right of domicile in England. *Ennui*, for example, and *pique*—these have no exact English equivalents, and their removal from common speech would leave an aching void. But why should a ballet-dancer be called a *danseuse*? And why should a singer be forced to sing a *chansonnette* when she might just as well have sung a little song? And why, oh! why should one of the best hotels in London call its luxurious dining-room a *salle à manger*? And why should that useful modern

improvement known in America as an elevator and in England as a lift be denominated in this hotel an *ascenseur*? In like manner a new portable chemical fire-extinguisher for use in private houses and in hotels is called an *extincteur*. What evil spirit possesses Mrs. Tompkins, the milliner, and Miss Simkins, the dressmaker, to emblazon their golden signs with the mystic 'Mdme. Tompkins, Modes,' and 'Mdle. Simkins, Robes'? And here occasion serves to protest, with whatever strength may in us lie, against the superfluous *d* which British custom has injected into the French contractions for Madame and Mademoiselle. We say British, for this error is confined to Great Britain and her colonial dependencies, the inhabitants of the United States of America having happily escaped it. In America as in France Madame and Mademoiselle are contracted to Mme. and Mlle., and it is only the Briton who writes Mdme. and Mdle., in the fond belief that he has caught the exact Parisian touch. It may be as well to note that the French phrase is *à outrance*, that there is no *u* in *sobriquet*, and that the French know no such expression as *double entendre*, the nearest approach to it being *double entente*, a double meaning, which is, however, wholly devoid of the ulterior significance attached to *double entendre*. Perhaps the word most sinned against is *artiste*. There is really no excuse whatever for the use of this word in English speech. It is the exact translation and complete equivalent of the English word *artist*, and it does not mean a female artist any more than *pianiste* means a female pianist. We can now recall with a shudder a programme thrust into our hands at a watering-place two or three years ago, in which a certain charming artist was announced as 'the greatest living lady pianiste in the world.' But perhaps this is not more painful than a sign still to be seen in a little street between Regent Street and Bond Street, and which declares that the house to which it is affixed is occupied by 'Blank et Cie., Artistes in Corsets.' This, in the language of the wild Western humorist after he had been to Paris, 'frappe tout chose parfaitement froid!'

It was in the window of a shop in Regent Street toward the end of last season that we saw exposed for sale a handsome china tea-service in a handsome silk-lined box, bearing in its cover two little placards, that to the right declaring that it was suitable for 'a wedding present,' while that on the left suggested its fitness as 'un présent de nocces.' It was at the opening of the last Royal Academy that a youth of tender years and artistic yearnings confided to the more mature lady with whom he was talking that he did not greatly care for *gendre* pictures! It was over the door of some sort of a free-and-easy or low concert saloon in New York that we once saw a transparency setting forth that the abode of bliss within was a 'Resort Musical.' And it was in an American theatrical journal that we once saw an advertisement of two music-hall artists, man and wife, who desired an engagement. From the advertisement it was evident that in their previous condition of single blessedness the lady had been more successful and had become the more widely known. Wherefore the husband, instead of bestowing his name on his wife, borrowed hers, and announced himself as 'Mr. John Black née John White.' But the ways of theatrical people are inscrutable; who can tell what a *Lion Comique* may be? In ordinary life a man who makes costumes is a costumer, and a man who makes wigs is a wigmaker; but in the theatre and on the programmes of the theatres the man who makes theatrical costumes is a *costumier*, and the man who makes theatrical wigs is a *perruquier*. In the same manner a lady who plays tragedy or who has tragic gifts is a *tragédienne*, and a lady who plays comedy or who has comic gifts is a *comédienne*—and both the one and the other is a great *artiste* who has thoroughly mastered her rôle. *Encore*, although used in English in a sense wholly different from that which it has in French, is now acclimatized beyond uprooting, and so is a hybrid word *parquette* used in America to indicate the stalls or orchestra chairs, just as there is also used in America to indicate a railway terminus the word *dépot*, with a hybrid pronunciation as though it were written dee-po. But then there are no *costumiers* or *perruquiers* on American playbills. Probably the only French word of all the many used freely and needlessly by dramatic critics, and by all writers about the theatre, which has any justification for its continued career on this side of the Channel is *dénouement*. It happens that there is no exact synonym for *dénouement* in its technical sense. The end, the climax, the culmination, the surprise, the discovery, are all slightly different in meaning from that ingenious loosening of the knot of intrigue which the word *dénouement* implies. In fact, permission to use *dénouement* as though it were an English word would be received by all dramatic critics as a felt want filled.

It would not be fair thus to rebuke our fellow-countrymen without noting the fact that the French are nowadays quite as prone to quote English as the English are to quote French, and also that there is very little to choose between the results. An article on sport in a French paper is almost as curious and macaronic a medley as an article on the fashions in an English paper. Just as the technical phrases which hint at the mighty mysteries of ladies' apparel are all French, so the technical phrases of masculine outdoor amusement are nearly all English. The report of a horse-race as it appears in a Parisian newspaper is quite as comic as the description of a bride's gowns as it appears in a London organ of society. The French dandy, who was once a *gandin*, and who is now a *gommeux*, is driven to the course in a *breack* drawn by a pair of *steppers*; on the track he mingles with the *betting-men* and makes a *book*. Thus he accomplishes his duty to society, and is acknowledged to be *tout ce qu'il y a de plus hig-lif*. We are informed and believe that this strange perversion of high life is pronounced as it is written, 'hig-lif.' When the French swell is not mingling with the other *sportmen* on the *turf*, he has perhaps gone to the river to see the *rovingmen*, or into some garden to watch the *jeunes misses* playing *crockett*, by which last word the French are wont to designate the formerly popular game of croquet. In the summer, or rather in the early autumn, he varies these amusements by a paper-chase of some unknown variety which he complacently calls a *rallye-papier*. To see just how far can go this absurd commingling of tongues, complicated by preternaturally ingenious blundering, one must give his days and nights to the reading of the 'Carnet d'un Mondain,' which the *Figaro* publishes under the signature of Etincelle. To see how even clever and well-informed writers may err in bad company, one must read the always interesting and often instructive *chroniques* which M. Jules Claretie contributes every week to the *Temps*, and which are gathered together every year under the title of 'La Vie à Paris.' M. Claretie reads English, and he has travelled in England; but he makes repeated use of a hybrid verb—*interviewer*—which we assume to be some sort of a Gallicized interview. *Interviewer* is the act accomplished by the *reporter*—another word which the French have snatched across the Channel. But *interviewer*, bad as it is, and absurd as it is, is not a whit worse or more absurd than *double entendre* and *soubriquet*. In fact, the better one knows the popular misinformation on both sides of the Channel, the more willingly will one admit that honors are easy, and that English bad French is no better and no worse than French bad English.

There is an ancient and musty merry jest about a City madam who spoke only the French habitually used in young ladies' schools, and who rendered into English the familiar *ris de veau à la financière* as 'a smile of the little cow in the manner of the female financier.' But this is not more startling than many other things to be discovered by those who search the cook-books diligently. We remember a bill of fare in a far Western hotel in the United States in which all the familiar dishes were translated into unfamiliar French, the climax being reached when ginger-snaps, the sole dessert, appeared transmogrified as *gâteaux de gingembre*. Perhaps it is in revenge for repeated insults like this that the Parisians now advertise on the windows of the cafés on the boulevards that *Boissons Américaines* are sold within, the only American drink particularized being a certain 'Shery Gobbler,' warranted to warm the heart of all vagrant American humorists who may chance to visit Paris while alive and in the flesh. In essence *shery gobbler* is but little more comic than *rosbif*, or than *bifteck*, which are recognized French forms of the roast beef of old England and of the beefsteak which plays second to it. Both *rosbif* and *bifteck* are accepted by Littré, who finds for the latter a sponsor as early and as eminent as Voltaire. And *shery gobbler* is not as comic as 'cutlete' and 'tartlete,' which we detected day after day on the bill of fare of a Cunard steamer crossing from Liverpool to New York a few months ago. When we drew the attention of a fellow-traveller to the constant recurrence of the superfluous *e* at the end of cutlet and tartlet, the active and intelligent steward, who anticipated our slightest wants, leaned forward with a benignant smile, and benevolently explained the mystery. 'It's the French, sir,' he said; 'cutlete and tartlete is French, sir!'

Of the many amusing stories in circulation and turning on an English misuse of French, the most popular is perhaps the anecdote in which one of two gentlemen occupying an apartment in Paris leaves word with the *concierge* that he does not wish his fire to go out; as he unfortunately expresses this desire in the phrase 'ne laissez pas sortir le fou,' much inconvenience results to the other gentleman, who is detained in the apartment as a dangerous lunatic. This pleasant tale has in its time been fathered

on many famous Englishmen. And like unto it is another which Americans are wont to place to the credit of a cockney, while the English are sure that its true hero was a Yankee—both parties acting on the old principle of 'putting the Frenchman up the chimney when they tell the story in England.' The story goes that a certain Anglo-Saxon—for thus we may avoid international complications—entered into a Parisian restaurant with intent to eat, drink, and be merry. Wishing to inform the waiter of his hunger he said, 'J'ai une femme !' to which the polite but astonished waiter naturally responded, 'J'espère que madame se porte bien ?' Whereupon the Anglo-Saxon makes a second attempt at the French for hunger, and asserts, 'Je suis fameux !' to which the waiter's obvious reply is, 'Je suis bien aise de le savoir, monsieur !' Then the Anglo-Saxon girded up his loins and made a final effort, and declared, 'Je suis femme !' to which the waiter could answer only, 'Alors madame s'habille d'une façon très étrange.' After which the Anglo-Saxon fled, and was seen no more.

Literary London.

[From *The London World*.]

THE admission of M. Pailleron, the author of 'Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie,' to the French Academy, and the interest which the event has excited, have given the *Times* a text for some remarks on the relative position of men of letters and artists in England and in France. On the other side of the Channel, we are told, 'wealth and birth are not allowed by public opinion to have the *pas* of intelligence; with us authors and artists are valued, it is to be feared, chiefly by authors and artists. Literary society is something by itself. It is not one with general society, as it is in Paris.' Although the facts seem to be somewhat overstated, there is a good deal of truth in the remark. Such professedly literary society as there is in London is of a very provincial order. There are houses in Bayswater, Kensington, and the suburbs, where weekly *réunions* are held, and are mainly attended by gentlemen or ladies who live by the work of pen or pencil. But as a rule these gatherings are not affected by men who have made much of a position in their calling, whether that calling be the writing of books, the painting of pictures, or even the manufacture of articles. The society is uninteresting, and bourgeois. The women are mostly dowdies, and talk in a strain that alternates between pertness and blueness. The men know nothing of any world except that in which they live and labor, and their conversation and presence savor as much of the shop as those of an Oxford don or a Wolverhampton trader. But because the society which piques itself upon being pre-eminently literary is, as the leading journal puts it, 'not one with general society,' it is entirely a mistake to suppose that general society has not of late years assimilated many literary elements. Mr. Browning and Mr. Matthew Arnold would be indignant if they were informed that they were not one with general society, or that they were not incorporated into it as firmly as any of the titled or untitled hacks of Mayfair whose names are mentioned in every other newspaper paragraph. The Laureate has just been made a peer, and a journalist, interpreting, it may be presumed, the feelings of the Tennyson family on the subject, has declared that there is more to be proud of in being a nobleman than in being a poet. Surely this touching tribute of sycophancy to genius is a symbol of the fusion of literature and society.

Literary society may mean one of two things; either the intercourse of those who make their living by literature, or some other cognate form of literary industry; or the intercourse of those who, whether they do or do not live by their brains, are penetrated by the literary spirit, and are interested in the discussion of literary affairs. There is, as we have seen, a society of the former kind, just as, for all we know, there may be at Peckham or Camberwell or Stoke Newington or Brixton social coteries, composed exclusively of representatives of the cheesemongering, the baking, or the clerkly interest. But is there no society of the latter sort? Those must have a very limited knowledge of contemporary life in England who will answer this question in the negative. The social history of Whiggism has yet to be written. When such a narrative is forthcoming, it will be found that the Whigs have rendered inestimable social service to their country. They have been, on the whole, the true Mæcenases of their epoch. They have read closely and widely, and have kept their minds constantly informed with the best thoughts and writing of their age. They have been students as well as patrons, and the society they have formed has prescribed a *cachet* of culture entirely unknown in corresponding Conservative circles. While the domestic talk in Tory households has been of elections and political scandals, the Whigs have conversed on themes of genu-

ine intellectual interest. As a consequence, Whig society is, and always has been, more or less literary in the sense in which the *Times* uses the epithet; has, in other words, approximated, and continues to approximate, more nearly to the French ideal than any other. Carlyle and Macaulay are only two of the most recent of distinguished men who were nurtured in the atmosphere of Whiggism. As it was in the Holland House era, so is it now. There is better talk to be heard, and there are more men of mark in letters and art to be met with, under the roof of the great Whig peers than in any Conservative houses. No doubt the literary society of the Whigs is even thus unnecessarily exclusive, and infected by many social superstitions which do not exist in France. Yet, when all deductions have been made on this ground, the fact remains that the Whigs have done a good deal toward supplying the kind of social commodity that the *Times* desiderates.

The chief source of the comparative disrepute, or lack of appreciation, of which literary men are supposed to be the victims in this country is generally recognized by the fact that literature is not formally associated with the State. All professions rise or fall in popular esteem in proportion as those embracing them are public servants. For this reason the Army, the Navy, and the higher branches of the Civil Service enjoy a priority of prestige. There is a kind of feeling, although it may seldom have found expression in words, and when expressed may elicit protest or dissent, that ability employed in connection with the public service of the country, or one of the great professions, has about it something contraband and sinister. In France the existence of an Academy as a State institution, and the circumstance that journalism has always been the recognized path to a political career, have invested literature with a repute and dignity altogether exceptional. Nor are these the only reasons why the position of literary men is so infinitely better on the other side of the Channel than in England. The French are a people peculiarly accessible to those ideas which it is, or ought to be, the business of literature to convey; they have therefore a natural sympathy with the individuals who perform this function. What the Church and the priest were before the Revolution the press and the publicist have been since. Again, it must be recollected that the French are, in a sense in which we are not, pre-eminently a literary people. To speak correct French is a merit in the eyes of a Frenchman very different from the art of speaking correct English in the eyes of an Englishman. The ordinary evening amusements of a French family are puzzles and questions illustrating the use of idioms, or demanding on the part of those who answer them an intimate knowledge with the national language and literature. Where, therefore, writing and the power of writing are admired, it is only natural that the writer should be appreciated and courted. Now the whole tone of English feeling is antipathetic to literature and to literary men. The remark of the country gentleman, who gloried in always having voted against that damned intellect, is fairly representative of the attitude of the average Englishman toward those who pursue literature as a profession. It must never be forgotten that sedentary occupations are those which are the least congenial to British tastes. As schoolboys have a prejudice against bookworms, and as nothing is thought of so little at Eton or Harrow as academic success, so the manly Philistinism of the Briton is unconsciously contemptuous of men who pass most of their lives in their studies or at their desk.

But perhaps the chief explanation of the lack of consideration enjoyed in this country by the literary profession is less creditable to popular sentiment. There is no profession so poorly remunerated as literature; none in which the average of income is so uniformly low. Under a *régime* that pays special homage to money and rank, who can be surprised if those who ply a business in which there is next to no money to be made are regarded as poor devils to be shunned? On the other hand, literary men in England have it largely in their power to improve their position, and to win from English society a higher opinion than is at present accorded to them. In the long run men are usually accepted by others at the value they place upon themselves, provided that this is not the estimate of a silly and idle conceit. In France writers of all kinds have comported themselves as the equals or superiors of their readers. They have not sued for personal favor cap in hand. They have not fawned or flattered; and, consequently, they have been the friends, and not the parasites or the henchmen, of the greatest in the land. In these virtues of honest independence English writers have been too often lamentably deficient. They have not respected themselves and they have not been respected by others. Even Thackeray, the most powerful satirist that ever assailed British snobbishness, was unable to conceal his delight at being noticed by the rich

and great. On the whole, it may be said that if the literary man in England is, as the *Times* appears to think, at a social disadvantage in comparison with his French brother, he has, in nine cases out of ten, chiefly himself to blame. Either, it will probably be found, he is without the breeding of those to whose society he aspires, or he is wanting in tact or taste, in dignity, and in self-respect. But, given the social and personal qualifications, it will be his own fault if his status does not satisfy his reasonable wishes.

The Queen's New Book.

[From Associated Press Despatch.]

THE Queen's new book, which was distributed to the press on Feb. 11, consists of a disconnected diary from August 21st, 1862, to September, 1882, with a long gap from October, 1879, to the final date, covering the period of transition from the administration of Lord Beaconsfield to that of Mr. Gladstone. The entire book is devoted to domestic and family affairs. Political allusions are only incidental. The illustrations include portraits of the Queen and of the Princesses Eleanor, Louise, and Beatrice. There is also a portrait of Grant, the Queen's body servant, and one of her attendant, John Brown. There are pictures, too, of the Queen's collie dogs, Sharp and Noble, and several views of scenes in the Highlands from sketches by the Princess Beatrice. In the preface the royal authoress says:

'Remembering the feeling with which our "Life in the Highlands" was received, the writer thinks the present volume may equally evoke sympathy, as, while describing a very altered life, it shows how her sad and suffering heart was soothed and cheered by the excursions and incidents it recounts, as well as by the simple mountaineers from whom she learned many lessons of resignation and faith in the quiet of the beautiful Highlands.'

On October 3d, 1870, the Princess Louise became engaged to Lord Lorne. The Queen says:

'The event took place during a walk from Glassalt Shiel to Dhu Lock, where Louise had gone with Lady Ely, the Lord Chancellor, and Lorne. Louise, on returning at night, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her, and had proposed to her. She had accepted, knowing I would approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But naturally I gave my consent, and could only pray that she might be happy.'

The sole reference to events in France in 1870 occurs in speaking of a sermon which she heard in a church at Balmoral. She says:

'Dr. Macleod gave such a splendid sermon on war. Without mentioning France, he said enough to make every one understand what he meant when he pointed out how God would punish wickedness and vanity and sensuality. The chapter he read from—Isaiah the 28th, and from Ezekiel and Amos and the Psalms—were really quite wonderful for the way in which they seemed to describe France. It was all admirable and heart-stirring. Then the prayers were beautiful, in which he spoke of the sick of the dying, the wounded upon the battle-field, and of my sons-in-law and daughters.'

In June, 1879, the Queen records the receipt of the news telling of the death of the young Prince Imperial:

'Brown knocked and came in. He said there was bad news. When I, in alarm, asked what, he replied, "the young French prince is killed." I could not take it in, and asked several times what it meant. Beatrice then came in with a telegram in her hand and said, "Oh, the Prince Imperial is killed!" I feel the thrill of horror now while I write the words. I put my hand to my head and cried out, "No, no; it cannot be true!" Then dear Beatrice, who cried very much, as I did, too, gave me the telegram. To die in such an awful, horrible way! Poor, dear Empress; her only, only child, her all, gone. I was quite beside myself. Brown was so distressed. Every one was quite stunned. Little sleep did I get thinking of the poor Empress, who did not yet know it. The Prince was so good and so much beloved. To think of that dear young man, the apple of his mother's eye, born and nurtured in the purple, dying thus, is too fearful, too awful, and it is inexplicable and dreadful that the others should not have turned round and fought for him.'

The concluding page is devoted to the death of Brown. It contains these sentences:

'His loss to me is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence. He served me truly, devotedly, untiringly. To say that he is daily, nay, hourly missed by me, whose lifelong gratitude he won by constant care and devotion, is but a feeble expression of truth.'

Current Criticism

AN OLD-TIME PARSON:—Dr. Crosby is an old-time parson—not a *littérateur* masquerading in canonicals. Like an ambassador 'sent,' bearing high commission in the spiritual kingdom, something like a halo of knightly consecration is felt if not seen round about him. There is the hush and awe of a great solemnity welling from within, so that when he stands up to speak we think not of the orator, or polemic, or scholar, or great civilian, but mostly of the man of God, come on his Master's business. The voice is deep, with a clinging, reedy edge which seizes and holds the ear. The words move in mellifluous, orderly, deliberate rhythm, as if the respiration and heart-beat were sound and rich with life. His elocution is unconsciously complete and tintured with life-long refinement and the unmistakable iridescence of a delicate, various culture. You say, the man of elegance, the man of affairs, the man of steady, deep thought, but, above all, the man of spiritual integrity and whole-heartedness.—*The New York Tribune*.

FANNY BRAWNE AND HER LOVER:—That she fully understood her lover is in the highest degree unlikely. Her nature, if we are able to read it rightly, was essentially commonplace; and it is evident that, like most young and beautiful girls, she was fond of admiration and society. Venial faults, truly, and scarcely calling for the strong words of reproof or anger written from Keats's sick-room. Moreover, it should be remembered, when we feel inclined to blame Miss Brawne, that Keats was the most unmanageable of lovers. With him, the torment of love was greater than the rapture, and his extreme reticence as to what he was feeling, except to the girl herself, added to the weight of pain he carried with him to Italy.—*The Spectator*.

FAINT PRAISE OF MR. JAMES:—The book ['Portraits of Places'] is interesting in its own mild way, and, though extremely slight, is worth having and keeping, like the slightest sketches of a good painter. . . . Well, the interest is certainly not very intense; the book is not one to keep us up till two in the morning; and, if it happened to be mislaid, the privation would not be insupportable; still, one is not sorry to have met with it. Mr. James is a quiet, rational, and shrewd observer, whose delicate appreciation notices many things that would escape most people. He is also a person of very real refinement, so that he sees things in a way not possible to a vulgar mind.—*P. G. Hamerton, in The Academy*.

NEW ENGLAND LEGENDS:—A few of them may be mere fictions, localized by the fancy of the original inventor, or the imagination of later generations. But, as a rule, such stories as Whittier has told of the Maceys and the Quaker maiden sold into slavery, or of the double snake, and Mr. Longfellow of Paul Revere's Ride, are genuine historical incidents, embellished no doubt by tradition, though less perhaps than by conscious poetical license. The same may be said of Skipper Ireson's Ride; indeed, of Mr. Whittier's narratives, the most purely mythical is one of the most recent, the story of Barbara Frietchie. And in a collection of legends so called, the hideously truthful story of the witchcraft persecutions should hardly have found a place. There is nothing legendary or mythical about it; the alleged crime of the unfortunate victims was, of course, purely fictitious; the savage, senseless cruelty of the rulers, the half-criminal, half-insane credulity of the people, the brutalities inflicted upon the innocent and helpless, are among the best authenticated as among the most disgraceful incidents of the dark ages of New England Puritanism.—*The Saturday Review*.

THE CHARM OF EMERSON'S TEACHING:—This much we may say, that the reader must be ill-starred, either in his chance or in himself, who turns over any volume of Emerson for more than a few minutes without finding something for which he is the better—something fresh, welcome, and, above all, healthy. Many readers, and not incompetent ones, look on Emerson mainly as an idealist; and such may be surprised that one should dwell on sanity as one of the leading characters of his thought. But it is just in the combination of an ideal height and range of thought with balance and sanity that we find Emerson's charm. He constantly teaches us in his informal way, as Berkeley taught us with classical English and philosophy, that idealism is nothing else than common-sense transfigured and enthroned above sophistry.—*The Saturday Review*.

ART SLANG:—We have frequently found English critics speaking of any French work not belonging to the classical school as 'impressionistic,' and if we are not mistaken we have more than once seen M. Bastien Lepage, one of the most laboriously minute and careful artists living, spoken of as an 'impressionist.' This peculiar manifestation of human perversity is

probably the result of a theory, apparently held by many people, that all shadows are brown, or should, at any rate, be represented as being so in pictures; and when they find a work of art in which the shadows are of another color, they do not hesitate to declare that 'some impressionist hath done this.' If such catchwords are to be used at all in criticism which purports to be serious, it is high time that those who think fit to employ them should endeavor to ascertain their meaning. But we may add that, in our opinion, the sooner all such ready-made clap-trap expressions are abolished, the better it will be both for artists and critics.—*The Saturday Review*.

LIVES WORTH READING:—There are some lives—like John Sterling's, for example,—which there was no intrinsic reason for writing, and which might indeed well, or even better, so far as regards any intrinsic claim on public notice, have been left in the region of 'no-biography and silence,' that, nevertheless, when well written by the right man, give as much pleasure, and confer as much benefit, as the biographies of the greatest of men. Carlyle's Life of Sterling is delightful reading because Carlyle made it a peg on which to hang some of his best descriptions of men and of opinions describable by no one but Carlyle in the humorous fashion in which he described them.—*The Spectator*.

VANDALS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY:—The mutilation of the figures in Westminster Abbey, which has been alluded to during the week, is no novelty. The practice began early, and even kings were not spared. The solid silver head of Henry V. was wrenched off and stolen in 1546, on the 30th of January—the very day, by the by, on which another king's real head was taken off at Whitehall a century later. 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' said Sir Roger de Coverley, during his famous walk round the Abbey; 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they'll carry off the body, too, if you don't care.' The heads of both Washington and Major André have been repeatedly carried off from the monument of the latter, 'the wanton mischief,' says Lamb, 'of some schoolboy, fired, perhaps, with raw notions of transatlantic freedom.' The Abbey is a large place, and any kind of mutilation might be perpetrated successfully, provided only that it did not make too much noise.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

OUIDA'S DRY TAP:—'Gent wants a thinner and drier vintage, does he? We'll see how he likes *this*,' says the waiter, in Leech's sketch, as he pumps water into a sherry decanter. Critics have always been telling Ouida that they liked a thinner and drier tap than she was in the habit of supplying. The Falernian vintages of Ouida's genius have been found too sweet and rich, though undoubtedly very 'curious.' 'Strathmore' and 'Under Two Flags,' with many of Ouida's other samples, really seemed as if no amount of keeping would ever tone them down, and correct their luscious flavor and superabundant alcohol. In deference, perhaps, to numerous requests, Ouida now presents us, in 'Frescoes, etc.,' with a beverage which is distinctly thinner and drier than 'Chandos' and 'Strathmore.' But we fear reviewers will say that the dryness and thinness are only got by the waiter's expedient. The tap is not a new tap; it is only the old tap watered down.—*The Saturday Review*.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE'S POETRY:—Lord Lorne is a singularly fortunate man, but he can hardly expect to be successful in everything. He was born great, and he has had greatness thrust upon him, but it is impossible to admit that he has achieved greatness, at any rate in the paths of literature. His 'Guido and Lita' had at best the merits of a prize poem, with added elements of romance and sentiment. His metrical version of the Psalms was entirely uninspired. . . . The meaning of most of these poems is obvious enough, but every now and then the reader will find himself fairly puzzled. The first poem is on 'Canada, 1882,' and the opening stanzas are not difficult to understand, but the last is by no means easy. Some one seems to be interrogating Lord Lorne, and then Lord Lorne replies:—

'You deem a nation here shall stand,
United, great, and free?
Yes, see how Liberty's own hand
With ours the continent hath spanned,
Strong-arched, from sea to sea:
Our Canada's her chosen land,
Her roof and crown to be.

What can this mean? Liberty's hand joined with 'ours' (whatever 'ours' may be) spans the North American continent in a strong arch, and Canada is to be Liberty's 'roof and crown.' But Liberty has something else to do in another poem, called 'Westward Ho!' where we read:—

Away to the West! Westward ho! Westward ho!
Where rooted in Freedom shall Liberty grow!

How Liberty can root itself in Freedom, or, for the matter of that, Freedom in Liberty, we have not the faintest idea.—*The Athenaeum*.

Notes

THE VERY agreeable announcement is made by the Messrs. Putnam that they have arranged with A. C. Armstrong & Son to publish a limited *édition de luxe* of the Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Such an edition was recently suggested by a correspondent of this paper, but Messrs. Putnam were already making their preparations, which had been begun in November. Such an edition as this will indeed supply a long felt want. Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard's Memoir, which has never been printed with Poe's Works, and the essays on Poe by James Russell Lowell and N. P. Willis are to be included, and there will be etchings by Charles A. Platt, R. S. Gifford and others, a fac-simile of the first draft of 'The Bells,' and letters written by Poe, by his mother and by N. P. Willis. This issue will be called the Montalado Edition. It will be in eight octavo volumes, printed from new type on paper made expressly for the purpose. The volumes, of which the first will be ready about the last of March, will be issued one at a time. Only 300 copies will be printed, some of which are for the London market. A prospectus with prices, etc., will be ready before long.

Queen Victoria's 'More Leaves from a Journal of Our Life in the Highlands,' will be published here by Messrs. Harper, in the Franklin Square Library.

Wayne MacVeagh contributes to the March *Century* a paper on 'The Next Presidency,' in which the ideal President is pictured, and the opinion ventured that the party nominating the man who approaches nearest that ideal will be successful in the coming election.

The amendments to Mr. Dorsheimer's International Copyright bill, as reported by the Judiciary Committee of the House, are in the direction of greater liberality to foreign authors. The first extends the term from twenty-five to twenty-eight years. The second omits the clause which provided that copyright should cease with the death of the author. The third provides for the renewal of expired copyrights for a period of fourteen years. Mr. Dorsheimer is said to be confident of the passage of the bill.

Among the more important announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons is 'An Outline of the Future Religions of the World,' with a consideration of the facts and doctrines upon which it will probably be based. The author's name—or rather his *nom de plume*—is R. M. Stanley. J. E. Thorold Rogers's 'Six Centuries of Work and Wages,' an economic and social history of England during the past 600 years, is to be published by the same house.

The Philadelphia *Record Almanac* is filled with those odds and ends of thought that delight the farm-house reader.

Mr. G. W. Curtis's oration at the unveiling of the Washington Monument in Wall Street has been issued by the Chamber of Commerce. The pamphlet was printed by Harper & Bros.

Preparations for the next annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to be held in Philadelphia in September, have been begun. A feature of this meeting will be the international electrical exhibition to be given under the auspices of the Franklin Institute. The meetings of the Association will be held in the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Thomas Kinsella, known as a politician, but better known as the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, died on Monday afternoon. Another editor who has died within the week is Mr. Thomas Chenery, the orientalist and editor of the London *Times*. Mr. Chenery was a scholar, pure and simple, and it is more than probable that his death was hastened by the mental worries of his uncongenial position.

'The Principles of Written Discourse,' by Prof. T. W. Hunt, of Princeton, will be published in March by A. C. Armstrong & Son. The object of this work is to give a full and philosophic discussion of the subject, with particular reference to college needs. It presents the leading laws, qualities, and forms of written prose discourse, and 'aims to show the vital relation of the expression of our thought to our mental, emotional, and ethical nature.'

In the March *Harper's*, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge tells the story of Will Carleton's struggles and successes. He says:

'It was not until the appearance of "Betsey and I are Out," early in 1871, that he became extensively known. That popular poem was reproduced with illustrations in *Harper's Weekly*, to which he shortly afterward contributed its sequel, "How Betsey and I made Up," which, unlike most sequels, was not a weak imitation of the original, but a continuation of the story, written with the same humor, sincerity, and force. From that time his reputation was so secure that he himself could not check it by writing carelessly or writing too much. "Betsey" was quickly followed up—perhaps too quickly—by other pieces of a similar character, and the result was a collection of them, with some of his earlier productions, in the volume entitled "Farm Ballads," published, with popular illustrations, in 1873. This was Will Carleton's first book, with the exception of a thin volume of boyish poems printed, at his own expense, several years before, but now long out of print, the last of the edition being "exhausted," he tells us, by the Chicago fire.'

The Egyptian question will be discussed by Gen. W. W. Loring in a paper entitled 'What will Become of Egypt?' in *The Manhattan* for March. As Gen. Loring served for ten years under the Khedive, and conducted a campaign against the Abyssinians, he may be accepted as one of the best authorities on all military matters relating to Egypt.

The leading article in *The Manhattan* for March will be on Dartmouth College, the alma mater of Webster and Choate. It will be profusely illustrated with portraits and from drawings made expressly for it.

The Webster Historical Society have just published an address on John Adams, delivered before the Society on January 18th, by Mellen Chamberlain. It is a scholarly production, and has attracted attention because of the novel views it advances regarding the causes of the American Revolution.

'The New Washington,' both in its material and social aspects, is the subject of a richly illustrated paper in the March *Century*.

Dr. Charles Waldstein will soon publish in *The Century* an essay on 'The Metopes of the Parthenon,' in which he will give an account of his recent discovery in the Louvre of a marble head by Phidias, which forms a part of one of the metopes.

Dr. Henry M. Field has just started on a trip to California. Perhaps he will write a companion volume to his European travels.

Messrs. Harper will publish the late John Richard Green's 'Conquest of England' next week. The publication was delayed by numerous corrections and additions, sent from England, that had to be made in the plates.

We have received from Mr. Henry Gray, of Manchester, Eng., his handy reference catalogue of topographical, American, biographical and miscellaneous books—a collection of great value to the student of local histories.

Mr. Herman Merivale has just completed a satirical fairy story 'Binko's Blues,' which is a tale for children of all growths. The pictures for it are by Mr. Edgar Giberne.

One Henry Nizet proposes to do for Brussels what Zola has done for Paris. His 'Bruxelles Rigole' attempts to be an exact picture of fast life in the Belgian capital, 'concealing nothing, extenuating nothing, and lifting the veil from even the nakedness of vice.'

The sketch of the life and times of Sydney Smith which Mr. Stuart J. Reid is engaged upon should prove an unusually interesting book. Mr. Reid has had some valuable papers intrusted to him by members of the family of the great wit; and the Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., Mr. R. A. Kinglake, and others, have placed unpublished letters at his disposal, while several old friends of Sydney Smith's have enriched the volume with personal reminiscences. The book will also contain a portrait, from a miniature never before engraved, belonging to Miss Holland; a view of Combe Florey Rectory, with Sydney Smith in the foreground, drawn by his friend Mrs. Grote, during a visit in 1840; and other illustrations specially executed for the work. The book will be dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Ruskin. Why, we do not know. One can scarcely imagine two men who had less in common than the genial wit and the 'cantankerous' critic.

It is said that Professor Kuenen's revision of his introduction to the Old Testament is to be translated from the Dutch by a well-known English clergyman. The chapters relating to the Pentateuch and Joshua were translated by the late Dr. Colenso.

Mr. Froude is writing the preface to a new work on the massacre of Protestants in Ireland in 1641.

The January number of *Nord und Süd*, Paul Lindau's magazine, contains a hitherto unpublished essay by Tourguéneff on 'Hamlet and Don Quixote.'

The catalogue of the books and manuscripts belonging to the Bibliothèque Nationale, or State Library of France, has been completed. The Bibliothèque Nationale is said to be the richest, as it is the most ancient, library in the world. It was founded in the reign of Charles V., 'the Sage' (1364-80), whose valet, Gilles Mallet, drew up a list of the books in 1367. This catalogue is preserved under a glass cover as a priceless relic. It refers to a collection of 973 articles.

An interesting account appears in the London *World* of the respective conversational powers of some of the lights of French literature. Alexandre Dumas 'has a tendency to stand in corners, with arms folded, and nursing his chin between the thumb and the index of his right hand, while he relates some anecdote of himself or of his father, in a roughish, hoarse voice, and with a certain brusqueness of language.' Augier is a nervous and incisive talker, 'joyous, *gaulous* at times, and gifted with a communicative laugh.' Renan is 'urbane, unctuous, priestly, and unaffirmative.' Alphonse Daudet retains the awkwardness of Bohemian antecedents; Sardou 'will talk your head off; a single word is sufficient to start him.' Edmond de Goncourt talks 'well and elegantly, and with great originality of language.' Victor Hugo 'used to be reputed an excellent talker.' Barbey d'Aurevilly, who is one of the lions of the Baronne de Poilly's salon, is a master in the art of causerie, both as a narrator and in repartee. About, 'of course, is a capital talker.' Zola is 'boor in all respects; he never appears in a salon, and when by chance he visits one of his colleagues in naturalism he invariably talks about the circulation of his books and the scurvy thievery of those American publishers who translate his novels and never pay him a cent.'

Mr. Charles Lewes, it is said, writes that it is untrue that George Eliot left many notebooks behind her dealing with numerous subjects. When the biography upon which her husband, Mr. Cross, is now engaged, and the forthcoming volume of essays, are published, there will remain almost nothing unprinted.

The English edition of the 'Life and Letters of the Princess Alice,' says *The Athenæum*, is to be published very shortly by Mr. Murray. The letters will be printed from the originals, with the sanction of Her Majesty. The accompanying memoir has been translated by H. R. H. the Princess Christian.

A volume of letters addressed to Samuel Rogers is being prepared for publication by Mr. W. P. Clayden. As 'the banker poet' knew most of the eminent persons of the first half of the century, it is more than likely that this will be a very readable volume.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) Henry C. Lea's 'Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church;' Maturin M. Ballou's 'Due West, or Round the World in Ten Months;' and No. 33 in their series of *Modern Classics*—a volume of selections from Dr. Holmes's 'Autocrat' and 'Professor' and 'Pages from an Odd Volume of Life.'

Mr. Lathrop's 'Newport' has just been issued in book-form by Charles Scribner's Sons.

'Boating Trips on New England Rivers,' by Henry Parker Fellows, with thirty illustrations from drawings by Willis H. Beals, and five route-maps, will be issued on March 1st by Cupples, Upham & Co., of Boston. It is an account of voyages in a skiff on the Nashua, the Housatonic, and the Sudbury, Concord and Merrimac rivers.

William Brough, of Birmingham, Eng., sends us an interesting priced catalogue of his stock of second-hand books, in all departments of literature. One of the first volumes on the list is G. Imray's 'Topographical Description of the Western Territory,' printed at London in 1792, in which is forecast the 'probable rise and grandeur of the American empire.'

Says *The Bibliographer* for January (Bouton): 'Messrs. B. and J. F. Meehan's (32 Gay Street, Bath,) lately issued Catalogue contains some remarkable items. One of these is a collection of thirty-two original drawings, sketches, and designs, in sepia, pencil, and chalk, by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne), mounted in a folio by the artist, priced £130. Another is Tasso's own copy of "Prosi di M. Pietro Bembo," folio, Venice, 1525, with marginal notes in his autograph on every page. The price of this is £110; but it ought not to remain long at Bath; its proper place is in the national collection. These are the two chief articles, but there are others worthy of special attention.'

Mr. W. A. Bell, President of the Board of Supervisors of the Public Schools of Indianapolis, gives the following excellent advice in his annual report: 'The continuous reference during school life to prominent authors and their productions, with discussions as to their characteristics and style, must result in a cultivated, discriminating taste, and a basis upon which must stand a broad culture. A teacher should regard it as a special and important duty to encourage, on the part of pupils, the taking and reading of good juvenile papers, and the reading of good books. He should have an oversight of the books drawn from the Public Library and the reading done at home. A judicious teacher can largely determine the books and direct the reading without seeming to be at all meddlesome, in what might, in many instances, be relegated to family regulation. And let it not be forgotten that he who creates in the mind of a child a love for good reading, does much not only toward his mental training and culture, but does much toward fixing in him a good moral character. Love for good books is a safeguard against bad company and bad habits.'

M. Emile de Laveleye has in a recent work given the salaries of school teachers in America and Europe as follows: In the United States the smallest salaries are: in New York, £144; Massachusetts, £160; California, £184; Ohio, £92; Michigan, £140. The average monthly pay for teachers is: In Connecticut, £12; Mississippi, £10; Nevada, £25; New Hampshire, £7; Pennsylvania, £8; West Virginia, £7; Colorado, £17; Maine, £6; Louisiana, £13; Kansas, £8; Maryland, £9; Wisconsin, £8 10s.; Iowa, £8. In England the average salary of a teacher holding certificates is £100. In Wales about £78. Non-certificated teachers have an income from £48 to £62. In Scotland the teachers at the Presbyterian schools receive an average payment of £69. Female teachers holding certificates receive about £62. In Denmark the ordinary payment varies from £86 to £135. In Jutland their salary is smaller, being about £45. In the whole country only 6 per cent of the teachers receive less than this. At Berlin the smallest teachers' salary in 1864 amounted to £63. After the alteration of January 1, 1864, the salaries are fixed as follows: After three years of service, £68 10s.; after six years, £75; after nine years, £90; after fourteen years, £99 10s.; after twenty-four years, £112. In Alsace-Lorraine the payment has for several years been from £48 to £60.

Mr. Labouchere's *Truth* gives these interesting figures, showing the earnings of a number of well-known writers. Disraeli, it is stated, made by his pen £30,000; Byron, £23,000; Lord Macaulay received £20,000 on account of three fourths net profits for his history. Thiers and Lamartine received nearly £20,000 each for their respective histories. Thackeray is said not to have received £5000 for any of his novels. Sir Walter Scott was paid £110,000 for eleven novels of three volumes each and nine volumes of 'Tales of my Landlord.' For one novel he received £10,000, and between November, 1825, and June, 1827, he received £26,000 for literary work. Bulwer, Lord Lytton, is said to have made £80,000 by his novels; Dickens, it has been computed, ought to have been making £10,000 a year for the three years prior to the publication of 'Nicholas Nickleby;' and Trollope in twenty years made £70,000. The following sums are said to have been paid for single works: 'Romola,' George Eliot, £10,000; 'Waverley,' Scott, £700; 'Woodstock,' Scott, £8000; 'Life of Napoleon,' Scott, £18,000; 'Armada,' Wilkie Collins, £5000; 'Lallah Rookh,' Thomas Moore, £3000; 'History of Rome,' Goldsmith, £300; 'History of Greece,' Goldsmith, £250; 'History of England,' Goldsmith, £600; 'Vicar of Wakefield,' Goldsmith, £60; 'Decline and Fall,' Gibbon, £10,000; 'Lives of the Poets,' Johnson, £300; 'Rasselas,' Johnson, £100.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 598.—Who is the author of the poem entitled (or containing) 'What Constitutes a State?'
ST. PAUL, MINN. O. S.
['Ode in Imitation of Alceus,' by Sir William Jones (1746-1794).]

No. 599.—In No. 3 of THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE it is said that Mrs. Henry Wood makes a good medical novel. Will some one mention the best two or three?
RIDGEFIELD, CT M. D.

No. 600.—1. What is the meaning of the phrase 'mint, cumlin and anise?' 2. Was Mr. Mallock, Mr. Russell Lowell's opponent for the Rec-torship of St. Andrews, the author of 'Is Life Worth Living?' 3. Is the use of two first, for first two, indefensibly incorrect?

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

J. B. B.

[1. See Matthew, Ch. 23, v. 23, and any Bible dictionary or commentary. 2. Mr. Gibson was the opposing candidate. Mr. Mallock (author of 'Is Life Worth Living') having withdrawn. 3. No.]

No. 601.—Is there any way in which a person could obtain any points of knowledge to become a story-writer?

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1884.

CHAS. G. CALHOUN.

[Read Anthony Trollope's Autobiography, recently published in Harper's Franklin Square Library.]

No. 602.—Where, and at what price, can I obtain a new or second-hand copy (in good condition) of the Life of Baron Bunsen, by his wife?
GILMORE'S MILL, VA., Feb. 1, 1884. F. JOHNSTON.

No. 603.—What is the date of the erection of the American Church in Rome?

LONGMEADOW, MASS., Feb. 2, 1884.

S. R. W.

No. 604.—Which system of short-hand is considered the standard, and which would be the most profitable to learn?

DUBUQUE, IOWA, Jan. 26, 1884.

JOHN P. SCHROEDER.

[Graham's so-called Standard System is, we believe, generally accepted as the best.]

No. 605.—Where can the following quotation be found with its context?

For the houses were all alike, you know,
Those little white houses, all in a row.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Jan. 24, 1884.

G. T. M.

No. 606.—Can any one inform me who is the author of the following lines, and also if there are any more verses?

Out of the brain, a thought,
Out of the thought a deed,
Out of a life in good deeds spent
Comes ever the 'Well done' meed

Out of the vapor, clouds,
Out of the clouds, a storm,
Out of a storm, if cheerfully braved,
The call 'My child, come home.'

ANSWERS.

No. 559.—Milton's 'star-y-pointing.' Mr. W. J. Rolfe's explanation of the *y* in this word is not entirely satisfactory. The fact is, *-y* is a prefix answering to the German and Anglo-Saxon *ge-* and the Gothic *ga-*, and in Anglo-Saxon was prefixed not only to 'past participles' but also to past tenses (cf. Piers Plowman's *y-rifed*, *y-spilte*), to infinitives (cf. P. P.'s *y-worth*) to nouns (Spenser's *y-ferre*), and to adjectives (*y-liche*, *y-war*, etc.). There are more than 50 examples of the prefix in Piers Plowman, variously applied, innumerable instances in Robert of Gloucester, 18 in the first two cantos of the 'Faerie Queene,' and two (*y-ravish* and *y-lake*) in 'Pericles.' There is nothing in Anglo-Saxon or Gothic usage against the association of the prefix with a present participle (cf. Gothic *ga-laubjande*, Anglo-Saxon *ge-rafende*), and it was by no means the case that in Anglo-Saxon the prefix was used consistently to indicate a past participle. It is quite possible (in spite of certain etymologists) that we have disguised forms of this *y* in the words *a-go*, *a-fraid*, *a-ghost*. Milton's use of it with a present participle is defensible.

LEXINGTON, VA., Feb. 5.

JAMES A. HARRISON.

No. 589.—The undersigned will furnish a copy of Brockhaus's (Leipzig) German-French-English Dictionary, arranged in three parts for triple reference, viz.: French, English, German; English, German, French; German, French, English. Half leather, German binding, substantial, but somewhat worn, though not imperfect. Price, \$2.65.

FLUSHING, L. I., Feb. 9, 1884.

ARTHUR HINDS.

No. 595.—Mrs. Mary L. B. Branch, author of 'The Petrified Fern,' can be addressed in care of Branch & Branch, No. 102 Broadway, New York.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

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